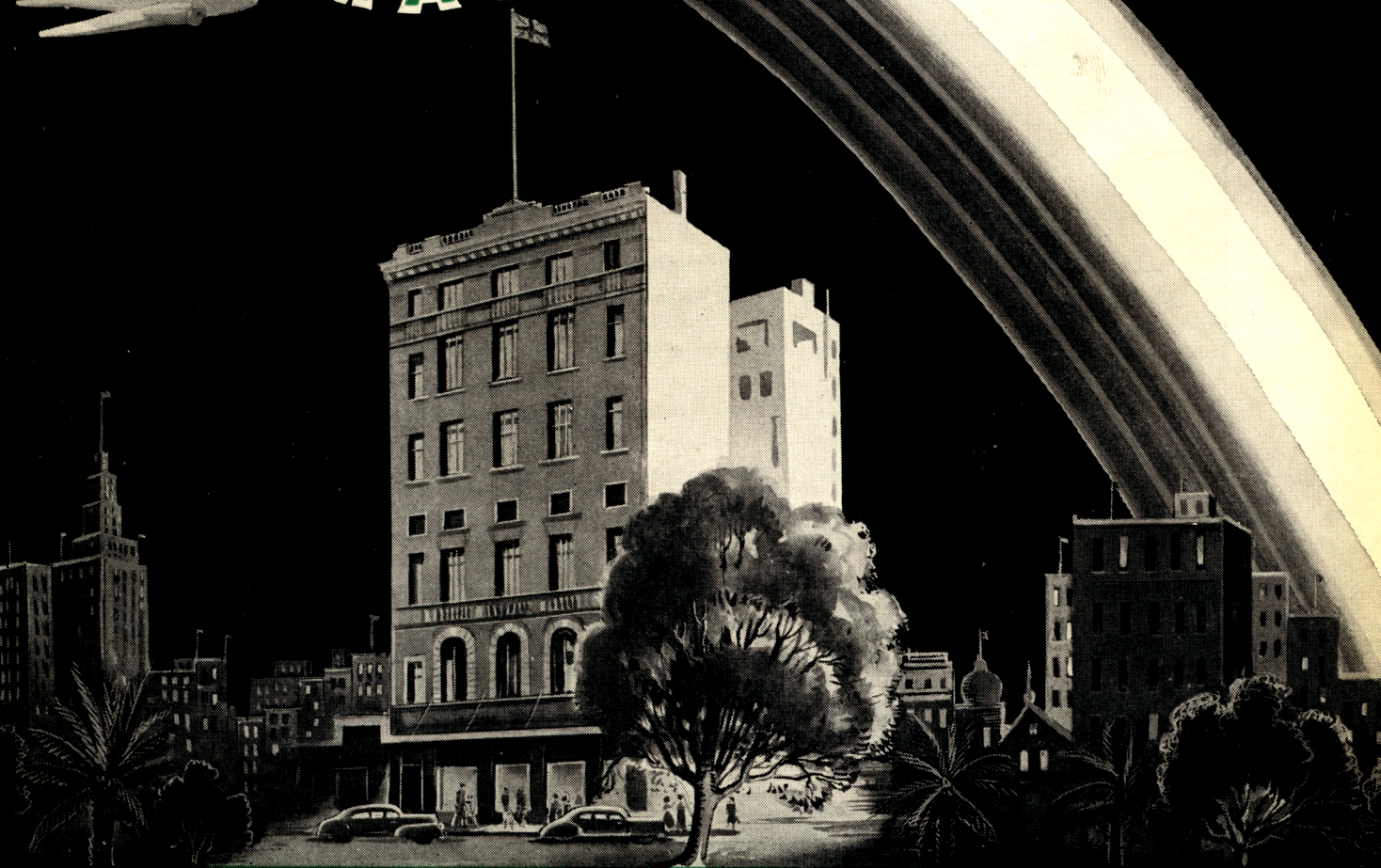
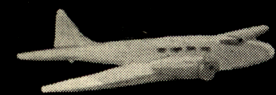


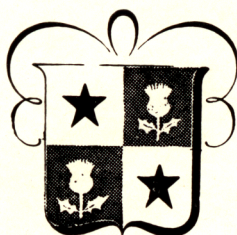
TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**“A
Good Club Man
is a credit to his club”**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

This Racing Game

AFTER wartime restrictions and disabilities which, in some degree, extended into the post-war period, racing is again on its legs—put more graphically, on its racing legs.

This come-back to the big-time necessarily has been slow, and conditioned, wisely, by caution. Those who live for the game, or by the game, as against a mere minority who live on the game, have never sought to place this sport before the welfare of the people or so as to interfere with national recovery. Racing has been given a place in the scheme of things. Wise administrators, such as those controlling the A.J.C. and the principal clubs in other capital cities, have kept racing in its place; that is to say, its proper place. All to the good.

Let us survey the programme: The V.R.C. reverts to four-days' racing—March 12, 14, 16 and 19. Twenty-seven races are listed on the programme, with no flat race worth less than £1,000. Chief double is the New-market Handicap (£3,000), run for over six furlongs on March 12, and the Australian Cup (£4,000, including a £100 trophy), run for over two miles one furlong and 110 yards, on March 14.

This will be the first four days' programme since 1941. There were two-day meetings in the darker days of the war and an extension to three days was made in 1947 and 1948.

The Australian Cup will be run for on Monday, the second day of the meeting. In earlier years Tuesday was Cup day, but the switch to Monday is better and has the approval of owners and trainers.

A.J.C. will stage its usual four days' racing at Randwick—April 16, 18, 20 and 23. Main attractions: Doncaster Handicap (£6,000), one mile, and Sydney Cup (£10,500, including £500 Cup trophy), two miles. This is the richest double in A.J.C. history. Twenty-eight races have been programmed. No race is worth less than £1,000. Indeed, it is the most attractive programme yet arranged, with—in addition to the Doncaster and Cup—the Sires' Produce Stakes (£5,000) and four weight-for-age races. Horses from all parts of Australia will be competing.

Queensland Turf Club is giving £25,850 for the Brisbane Cup meeting on April 30, May 2 and 7. Main treble: Stradbroke Handicap (£4,000), 6 furlongs; Brisbane Cup (£7,000), two miles; Moreton Handicap (£3,000), 1½ miles. The Brisbane Cup is the richest distance event ever staged in Queensland. Later in the year there will be the Doomben, worth £10,000.



Established 14th May, 1858.

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ARCTIC CLUB Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

MARCH, 1949.

4th Roy Hendy	17th P. Nolan
H. L. Lambert	18th H. R. Leeder
5th F. J. Carberry	22nd Jack Allen
6th A. A. Ritchie	25th J. Broadbent
V. C. Bear	Mark Whitby
Vincent Carroll	26th J. A. Roles
10th A. G. Collins	M. F. Albert
11th J. H. E. Nathan	S. Goldberg
14th Ernest Moore	

APRIL, 1949.

5th Norman McLeod	13th O. Keyser
W. J. McIver	22nd J. W. Brecken-
6th G. E. Nagel	ridge
8th M. B. Gibson	23rd D. Lotherington
10th K. A. Bennett	24th H. R. McLeod
W. R. Dovey,	25th Hector Reid
K.C.	28th George Sanderson
12th C. L. Fader	30th P. T. Kavanagh

ATENTION is directed in the leading article to the Autumn programmes of the A.J.C. and other principal racing clubs. The effect of such rich prizes on the breeding industry and as a stimulus to owners to seek quality hordseflesh should be gratifying to all who have at heart the splendid sport of racing.

When decisions were made by the A.J.C. as to the Sydney Cup, it had been arranged that the King should be present at the meeting and present the trophy. Unfortunately, his Majesty was overtaken by illness, which everybody is pleased to be assured is now passing.

A.J.C. decided not to change plans—to retain the value of the Cup race at £10,500 (including £500 trophy)—and on this show of enterprise it has been commended by sportsmen.

* * *

“WORLD SPORT,” official magazine of the British Olympic Federation, wrote in a review of Rugby Union internationals: An unquestionable Egyptian once played for Scotland: the Welsh crowds sang “Land of My Fathers” no less fervently when a Chinaman wore the red jersey. It is doubtful if that superb salesman of the dummy, Mark Sugden, is or ever was an Irishman.

ONE of New Zealand's greatest sprinters, George Davidson, died recently. He won the New Zealand sprint championship in the 1919-20 and 1920-21 seasons, and in 1920 represented New Zealand at the Olympic Games. He performed with some distinction, winning a heat and a semi-final of the 200 m., and finished fifth in the final to such great sprinters as A. Wooding, C. Paddock, and Jackson Scholz of the U.S., and J. K. Ayres-Oosterlaak, of South Africa. His athletic career ended in 1923 when he pulled a thigh muscle.

* * *

THOSE fellows have the right idea who don't overeat—another word for overhear—in torrid spells, but combine a few sandwiches with a swim in the Club's Pool. Ask E. T. Penfold, and Arthur McCamley, among others.

* * *

TWO men met in the Club after many years—W. T. Kerr and Fred Lane, former Olympic swimmer. Fred said to Mr. Kerr: “You timed me as a schoolboy at Sydney Grammar and, later, when I swam among the champions.”

* * *

MATING QUERY

MAYBE that Citation-Twilight Tear mating wouldn't be such a bad idea, after all, even though both were sired by Bull Lea, Joe H. Palmer, a respected authority on such matters, points out that High Time, leading American sire of 1928, whose offspring, including Sarazen, Isaiah, High Strung and Miss Merriment, won more than 2,000,000 dollars (£666,666) has strong strains of Domino blood in both lines. Ultimus, High Time's sire, was by Commando out of Running Stream which were both sired by Domino, and his dam was Noonday, a daughter of Domino. With this notable example of the results of equine incest to go by, Palmer suggests that Citation and Twilight Tear might improve the breed right smartly.

LIFE'S that way: Nat Seamonds would like to be able to make Adrian Quist's strokes on the tennis court and Adrian would like to be able to bring off Nat's shots on the billiards' table.

* * *

DEATHS

WE regret to record the passing of the following Members since last issue:—Dr. Y. E. Pittar—Elected 23/10/1922, Died 22/2/1949; R. G. Plasto—Elected 21/10/1935, Died 17/1/1949; P. J. Ryan—Elected 23/2/1925, Died 1/2/1949; F. J. Shephard—Elected 19/4/1937, Died 11/2/1949.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

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Card Room Stewards:

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Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young

Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

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Bowling Club Committee:

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Golf Club:

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CLUB MEMBERS WIN IMPORTANT EVENTS

Racing season 1948-9 so far has been good for some club members whose horses have been keeping their names in the headlines. Let us hope the good work will continue over coming autumn carnivals in Melbourne and Sydney.

MESSRS. W. Watson (Avalanche) and V. O'Reilly, were fortunate winners of important summer handicaps. Other members have been scoring with lesser-lights of the galloping ranks. Earlier in the season Mr. E. R. Williams won an important event with Lysander.

Transaction is one of Sydney's most improved performers. The 4-year-old gelding has risen sharply in the ranks from modest company to best middle-distance summer class and he looks like going on to score in much better fields than he so far has defeated. Later, Transaction will be tested against the best gallopers from Melbourne, Sydney and other capital cities. It will then be known whether he is the top-class racehorse his summer form indicated. Club members will be among the first to congratulate owner and trainer should the new stayer continue his winning way. A.J.C. handicapper allotted him 8.5 in the £10,000 Sydney Cup.

Transaction—2,500 Guineas

Transaction cost 2,500 guineas as a yearling but has won upwards of £5,000 in stakes, so he has proved a bargain, especially this season, as a considerable sum was won on him in bets.

As a two-year-old (5 unplaced starts) Transaction was raced in partnership by Messrs. O'Reilly and O. Triggs, but as a 3-year-old he carried the former's colours, and he has done so since for five wins (including a dead-heat). Transaction made a lowly beginning as at three years from five starts he managed third place on three occasions only and earned a modest £180.

Early this term he again ran third in a couple of Mixed Stakes at Rose-

hill for a total of £120. He then opened his winning account with a Novice at Randwick worth £669. That gave his owner much encouragement. The gelding followed up with two more minor placings before he won four races on end, one of them a dead-heat. They were Randwick Trial Stakes; Rosehill Lord

first have a shot at the Sydney Cup.

Transaction is bred to stay the Cup distance. His sire, Golden Sovereign (imp.), was a high-class racehorse winning races in good company in England. He has sired many successful horses and it is on the cards that Transaction might yet prove his best. Swiftspear, dam of Transaction, is a



Mr. Vince O'Reilly

Mayor's Cup; A.J.C. January Hep. (dead-heat with Royal Lad), and A.J.C. Anniversary Hep., his most important victory and one which was full of merit.

Mr. O'Reilly naturally is elated at the rapid progress made by the 4-year-old and he has hopes of landing a race such as the famous Melbourne Cup later in the year, but he might

sister to Frangipanni (dam of Amazed), a winner of V.R.C. St. Leger), and by Spearhead (imp.) from Won by Waiting (imp.) by Charles O'Malley from Allash by Simontault.

Spearhead is sire of dams of The Trump, Veiled Threat, and Bourbon, three notable stayers, so Transaction has a sound background.

THE LORDS OF RECREATION

IT was such a lovely morning that Edgar Spenceley and I, with characteristically selfless devotion to duty, decided to indulge our readers by spending the day at the M.C.C. headquarters.

In 1787 Marylebone Cricket Club was formed and a cricket professional named Thomas Lord opened a private ground for it. M.C.C. was the offspring of the White Conduit Club, which played on the commonlands around Islington; so, to put it parliamentarily, cricket was now sent from Commons to Another Place.

Lord's ground has been moved twice since then showing that there is a strong affinity between the literally lordly M.C.C. and juvenile street-cricketers who are chivvied from pillar-box to lamp-post. The turf, however, remained the same, Lord carting it along with him every time he made a forced move. The present Lord's was opened in 1814.

Cricket's deadliest foe is rain. This is becoming acknowledged in the relief-sculpture on the Lord's wall at the corner of St. John's Wood Road and Wellington Road, which depicts various sporting types, including a gloomy-looking man in a raincoat with his collar turned up, and a despondent couple who have decided on bathing-costumes.

"Ought we to take off our shoes?" Spenceley whispered anxiously as we passed through the turnstile and entered the hallowed precincts.

"Shocking loud tie that fellow's wearing," muttered Spenceley disapprovingly, indicating a cheerful confection in red and yellow.

I hurried him into the nearest sanctuary—the Tavern—and told him he had been privileged to gaze on cricket's most glorious banner—the M.C.C. tie.

"How was I to know Middlesex County Council employees had their own tie?" he complained.

We transferred to the Large Mound Stand, the finest strategic point on the ground, as you have the pitch

straight in front of you and the Tavern at fine-leg.

"I must say," confided Spenceley, "I've always thought cricket rather a dull game."

The heavens opened and a thunderbolt dropped exactly between us. I suppose, at that height the gods hadn't been quite sure which of us was guilty of heresy.

"It's a judgment on me!" gasped the artist, paling.

We sat still as mice, not daring to breathe another word, until the celebrants knocked-off for lunch. We sat gazing reverently at the most sacred turf in Great Britain.

I understand that every blade of grass is numbered and indexed, and is clipped twice a week by a West End tonsorial artist. The "table" is groomed night and morning with brush-and-comb, and on windy nights they put it in hair-nets. When they get to spinning blood-chilling yarns in the Long Room o' nights, it is sometimes told how once, back in the last century, an infidel groundsman crossed the pitch wearing nailed boots; the grass turned white in a single night.

Gazed Our Fill

Having gazed our fill, we took a stroll round the ground. Spenceley had the dashing idea of asking somebody—anybody would do; he wasn't particular—for his autograph. He didn't often go to cricket, he explained, and he wanted to do the thing properly. Luckily we spotted in time an intimidating notice warning us that M.C.C. had "found it necessary to protect cricketers from autograph hunters. Anyone asking for an autograph may be removed from Lord's." We shuddered to think how closely we had escaped excommunication.

"It might be sound tactics," said Spenceley thoughtfully, "to egg-on Bradman to take up autograph hunting."

We passed behind the Grand Stand the other side of the ground and came to the Nursery.

It proved to be a row of net cubicles like open-work bathing-tents, where promising young batsmen were learning the game by having their stumps repeatedly knocked down.

"How can those youngsters play when the netting stops every hit they make?" said Spenceley, his heart moved to pity. "Pst!" he called to a lad who had just had two bails, a stump, and a square-inch of skin removed by a ball from a tottering, white-haired old gentleman in a cricket-cap. "They've all gone in to lunch, now, and they've left the stumps up. Why don't you boys slip out on to the pitch and have a good game among yourselves? I'll keep cave."

I tackled my friend low and hurled him into touch, but there was no thunderbolt, this time.

Then we caught sight of the famous weather-vane over the scoring box—the figure of Father Time removing the bails. It reminded us of something, and finishing our stroll round the ground at a sharp canter, we ended up at the Tavern.

"We'll just stay here till they close, and then get back to our seats," said Spenceley.

I do think somebody might have explained to us the sort of licence they have at Lord's.

As we came out into the twilight a chap with a broom sweeping the deserted paths remarked admiringly:

"You two ought to open for England, you ought."

We preened ourselves.

"Yes," he said. "I never saw a pair stay in as long as you."

—By Colin Howard and Edgar Spenceley in London "Daily Mail."

TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

A limited advertising space is available in this magazine. All particulars may be obtained at the Club Office or by telephone.

"THE HAWK" STILL FULL OF FUN

Looking over the Club last month with committeeman Mr. George Chiene was Mr. Cyril Brook, President of Heretaunga Club, Hastings (N.Z.), a pal of trainer Jack Cameron, of The Hawk fame.

MR. BROOK recalled an interesting happening at Jack Cameron's farm, Poukawa, Hastings. He saw two horses on either side of a motor car with their heads stuck in the doorways. They were not just ordinary horses. One was The Hawk, the other Goshawk. Both won races in Australia and were popular gallopers. The Hawk is now 29 years of age and still full of fun. On the property

Caulfield Stakes; A.J.C. All-Aged Stakes, and once landed a 6 furlongs' sprint at Moorefield, a Hurstville Stakes with 10.3. He was a grand sprinter. Another good win was A.J.C. Challenge Stakes, 6 furlongs, with 10.3.

Altogether he won 30½ races, was 17 times second, and a similar number of times third, for an aggregate of £28,201.



Mr. Jack Cameron

he acts as a kind of schoolmaster to the yearlings, galloping them round the paddocks.

As a racehorse The Hawk was a brilliant performer, and with Jim Pike as jockey he won many races in Australia including the Rosehill Hill Stakes (twice); Caulfield St. George Stakes (twice); Futurity Stakes; V.R.C. Essendon Stakes (twice); C. M. Lloyd Stakes (twice); Rosehill Rawson Stakes; V.A.T.C.

The Hawk's legs are as clean today as when he was winning races more than 20 years ago but Goshawk is not as sound and suffers stringhalt. The Hawk is stabled in winter time but roams at will in summer.

Trainer Jack Cameron is looking after several horses among them smart sprinter Da Vinci, who is weighted for both A.J.C. Doncaster and Sydney Cup. Jack is a Club member, and his many friends hope to see him in Sydney at Easter time.

BLOODSTOCK PRICES

APPREHENSIVE Irish bloodstock breeders return home to-day from the Yearling Sales at Newmarket, where 192 young racehorses, aged between a year and 18 months were sold for 124,145 guineas.

Home stud farmers, breeding for sale, are also disturbed. There have been indications that prices, soaring since the war, have bumped against the ceiling and are about to come down. However, unless there is a major domestic or international upheaval, they will not crash to the floor.

For three years some Irish breeders have gone home after the sales with between £10,000 and £20,000 in their pockets. They had never known such "haymaking." Well-bred animals fetched from 2,000-8,000 guineas or more. "Rubbish" often sold for 1,000 guineas. The wise man put his gains into reserve or covered past losses.

Now buyers are more discriminating. One Irishman who thought his six "lots" would make 10,000 guineas had to be content with 4,000 and two lots unsold. Publisher Walter Hutchinson put reserve prices on his ten yearlings. None were sold.

Obviously money is shorter. There is a lack of labour and foodstuffs, too. So trainers are reluctant to buy horses now which will not race until next year. Bidding may be keener at Doncaster in September.

French auction sales are a joke. Ring sales are so highly taxed that by common consent there is little or no bidding. At the forthcoming Deauville sales buyers will go to the ring-side, note their choice, then haggle politely and privately for what they want.

— Robin Goodfellow in London "Daily Mail."

IN a wall of England's Rugby School is a granite slab with this inscription: "This stone commemorates the exploit of William Webb Ellis, who, with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game. A.D. 1823."

THE ART OF SKI-JUMPING

DARING deeds by horse and rider in the Olympic Games as told by Hylton Cleaver.

The breeze was strong, the sky was high and the tracks were very stony out on Old Dean Common, Camberley, to-day when a mud-spattered brass-hat in shirt-sleeves came over the three-tiered water-jump on his grey half-way round his two-hour ride.

He was Brigadier Bolton, who came late into the English team as a deputy for the endurance test that forms part two of the man-and-horse three-day Olympic event.

The first riders had been sent away at 7 a.m. They were all round in time for lunch. Five minutes behind the brigadier came a Portuguese officer, whose face had been slashed by a hanging branch or a flung-up stone. Of the many jumps round which a big crowd walked, the most nightmarish was what I should call a "ski-jump," for it asked the horse and his rider to clear a jump on the edge of a precipice and canter straight down it on to another switchback road.

The best effort I saw here was by Captain Selset, of Sweden, who came over like a bird and skimmed down the slopes without a tremor. But Colonel Jausseume, of France, who came first in the dressage yesterday, had a fall here. The horse got hung up on the bars, the rider slid off his neck, bridle and all, but remounted, rode back and made a second attempt, which succeeded.

Lieut.-Colonel Saeur, of Austria, had his horse refuse at one ditch and fling him into another, and three competitors — Paes, of Portugal. Roche, of Brazil, and Toc, of Turkey — came in with horses slightly injured, which may affect their chances to-morrow.

Of the Englishmen, Borwick had one of the best times of the morning, but Stewart had to retire when his horse went lame.

The whole ride started in a grey light from Aldershot Stadium with a six kilometre hack to be carried out in 27 minutes. There was a steeplechase round Twisledown Racecourse, another 15 kilometre ride by

road and path, and at the end of this a cross-country jaunt of five miles with 34 of the stiffest jumps the wit of the cavalryman could conceive, ending with a 1,000-metre gallop over what was alleged to be the flat, but which seemed to me a switchback. We shall not know the scores until this evening.

ABOUT DOGS

THERE may be dogs who betray their trusts but I have been around them all my life and have never seen the slightest falter. From alley cur to the noblest strain.

In a crumbling moment when my world suddenly collapsed and all the future seemed chaos, I happened to glance down from an hour's dumb staring out the window. There was Billy, who had placed at my feet his rubber ball, which no one had ever been able to take from him. For him it was the supreme sacrifice.

He knew I was in need of something, but he didn't know what. So he gave me his most prized possession. Every dog worthy of the name is like that!



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130 PITT STREET, SYDNEY**

NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

PHOTO FINISHES IN THE POOL

Month's Point Score to Shaffran

NINE dead heats in twenty-one heats in the last four Swimming Club races put Handicapper Jack Gunton in a very happy mood but had the judges at their wits' end and the only satisfaction they had was that there were no "demonstrations."

So many starters are lining up these days that the races look like the S.T.C.'s Mixed Stakes and up to three divisions have to be swum off whilst the camera appears a necessity.

New members continue to try themselves out and during the past month Messrs. Ron Cook, W. M. Williams, W. G. Dovey and E. Smithers swam in their first races.

Young Bill Dovey is amongst the speedsters' ranks on the 21 secs. mark whilst W. M. Williams caused yells of "Take a swab" when he won a heat on the bit. In winning a final in 20-4/5 secs. he showed real pace and it's safe to bet he will improve further soon.

But the star turn of the month was ex Olympian Bill Kendall's win in a final in the really classy time of 17-4/5 secs., after winning a heat in 18-2/5 secs. From memory we would say this is the first individual final he has ever won in the Club though he has been first home in Brace Relays.

Point Score Trophy

A Point Score Trophy was thrown in the air when George Christmas was unable to be present in the last race of the January-February series. With that event to go he had a nice lead of 2½ points but his absence gave Jack Shaffran his chance and he grabbed it with both hands by winning the event and taking the trophy with 5½ points to spare.

Christmas, by the way, had a good time in his last three races, winning all three.

Another who has been most consistent is M. Sellen, whose record is three seconds in as many events and it was just a slip that prevented him from winning the last of them.

In the season's Point Score, Bruce Chiene has the lead from Harry Davis and Peter Lindsay, but any one of the first twenty on the list has a chance of winning the "Native Son" Trophy presented by W. W. Kirwan, who has been disporting himself in the Pool quite a lot lately.

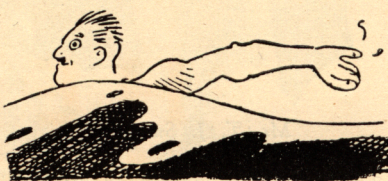
Also seen in the Pool was Forbes Carlile, Coach to the Olympic Team, and now a member of Tattersall's Club. One of these days Forbes will be joining his Olympic co-official Bill Phillips in a race or two.

Wedding Bells

Congratulations go to one of our new members, John O. Dexter, on his marriage in February. John will be missing from the races for a month during his honeymoon at Lord Howe Island.

Handicapper Jack Gunton has been on vacation in Tasmania and reports that he's finding it so good that he may extend his holiday.

Fastest times during the month were:—17-4/5 and 18-2/5 by W. Kendall, 20-1/5 M. Fuller, 20-4/5 W. M. Williams, 21 W. G. Dovey, 21-1/5 V. Richards, 21-2/5 Neil Barrell, G. Christmas and H. G. Davis.



Results:—

January 25, 80 Yds. Brace Relay Handicap—1st Division: G. Christmas and M. Fuller (44), 1; C. Phillips and T. H. English (47), and J. Shaffran and S. Murray (48), tie, 2. Time, 42 secs. 2nd Division: W. B. Phillips and Norman Barrell (49), 1; P. Lindsay and J. O. Dexter (46), 2; H. G. Davis and B. Chiene (44), 3. Time, 48½ secs.

February 1, 40 Yds. Handicap—1st Division: G. Christmas (23), 1; W. G. Dovey (21), 2; J. Shaffran (24), 3. Time, 21-3/5 secs. 2nd Div-

ision: W. Kendall (19), 1; M. Sellen (23), 2; B. Chiene (22), 3. Time, 17-4/5 secs.

February 8, 80 Yds. Brace Relay Handicap—A. K. Webber and J. Shaffran (50), 1; M. Sellen and C. Hoole (47), 2. Time, 49 secs.

February 15, 40 Yds. Handicap—1st Division: C. Hoole (24), 1; D. B. Hunter (26), 2; M. Fuller (21), 3. Time, 22-3/5 secs. 2nd Division: W. M. Williams (23), 1; G. McGilvray (24), 2; Neil Barrell (22), 3. Time, 20-4/5 secs. 3rd Division: G. Christmas (22), 1; M. Sellen (23), 2; H. E. Davis (22), 3. Time, 21-2/5 secs.

January-February Point Score: Final result was:—J. Shaffran, 24, 1; G. Christmas and B. Chiene, 18½, 2; W. K. Sherman, 17½, 4; Neil Barrell and M. Sellen, 17, 5; H. G. Davis, 16½, 7; A. K. Webber and S. Murray, 16, 8; D. B. Hunter, 14½, 10; M. Fuller and C. Hoole, 14, 11; A. McCamley, 13½, 13; P. Lindsay, 13, 14; Norman Barrell and W. Kendall, 12½, 15; C. Chatterton and J. O. Dexter, 12, 17.

1948-1949 Point Score

Including all events up to 15th February leading points scorers were:—

B. Chiene, 54; H. E. Davis, 50; P. Lindsay, 49½; D. B. Hunter and J. Shaffran, 47; G. Chatterton and A. McCamley, 46; G. Christmas, 45½; C. Hoole, 45; M. Fuller, 43½; A. K. Webber, 41; S. Murray, 39; W. Kendall, 38½; G. Boulton, 38; N. P. Murphy, 37½; G. Goldie, 35½; J. O. Dexter, 34½; Neil Barrell, 34; W. B. Phillips, 31; W. K. Sherman and S. B. Solomon, 29; B. Hodgson, 28; C. B. Phillips, 27½.

ENGLAND'S highest score in a Test match against Australia was 903 for seven wickets at The Oval in 1938, and her lowest, 45, at Sydney in 1887. Australia's highest was 729 for six wickets at Lord's in 1930, and her lowest, 36, at Birmingham in 1902.

Australia Wide Purchase of N.Z. Bred Yearlings

Like all other keen sportsmen, Australian owners are ever on the look-out for a champion racehorse. It is a never-ending quest, and while it costs a lot of money in the process, it is one which stimulates competition at all sales of young racing stock. This is good for the thoroughbred industry.

ALL AUSTRALIAN STATES were represented among buyers at recent New Zealand sale when close on 500 thoroughbred yearlings changed hands. Many sires were listed for first time and some of their progeny brought keen competition and high prices.

Purchase of this new blood later will be an acquisition to the Australian breeding industry as some highly credentialled fillies were secured, some by sires as yet unknown in this part of the world, but bred on the best English lines. Each year Australian owners have outlaid big money to secure what they considered best types at this sale and with few exceptions they haven't been far out in their judgment.

Dominion-Bred Youngsters

Dominion-bred youngsters, which will be competing as two-year-olds in Sydney and all other capital cities of Australia next season, will include some distinctly promising material, and they should make it interesting for locally reared gallopers.

Mr. Fred Hughes, noted owner-breeder and a conspicuous buyer at these sales, is pleased with his 2,350 guineas bay filly by Gold Nib (imp.) or Balloch (imp.) from Stretto by Hunting Serig from The Begum. Stretto was a top-class performer up to a mile and three furlongs and her 11 successes netted £5,381. She is a half-sister to High Caste (32

wins and £35,652 in stakes). The yearling is a half-sister to Frontier Mac (five wins) and to Fifth Note (three wins) and is related to other winners during current N.Z. season.

Club Member

Randwick trainer, Mr. T. J. Smith, acting for various interests, secured eight yearlings at the sale. A colt which fell to his bid of 2,000 guineas



Mr. T. J. Smith

is a fine looking youngster by Gold Nib (imp.) from Celestine by Foxbridge. A first foal, the colt is related to Ammon Ra, Te Hinemoa, Te Hero, and Gallio, all formerly well known

on the racecourse. Another of Mr. Smith's buys was the Balloch (imp.)—Catrine colt (850 gns.). This yearling is interesting from the fact that he belongs to the family which produced Stymie, world's greatest stake winner (35 wins and 911,335 dollars).

The Foxbridge (imp.)—Pedile filly, a half-sister to Akbar, a current season winner in N.Z., will race in Melbourne. She cost 1,350 guineas. Foxbridge has been the Dominion's leading sire since 1941, a remarkable sequence. Pedile, which didn't race, is by Vermeer (imp.) from Coronis by Gay Shield (imp.).

Brisbane Owners Active

Brisbane owners were active at the sale and lots secured included the Balloch (imp.)—White Gold filly at 550 gns., and the Balloch (imp.)—Lady Nikotine (imp.) filly for 1,100 gns. Latter is a first foal and is closely related to unbeaten (in England) Tiffin (winner of eight races and £16,516 in stakes), and to better known Beau le Havre (£15,930). Lady Nikotine, a first start winner, was got by The Satrap from Nitrokis by Mahmoud (English Derby). The Satrap won his first four races as a two-year-old and was a brother to the flying Tetratema, so this chestnut filly should know something about galloping.

Melbourne will be new home of Pherozshah (imp.)—Aureus filly which cost 1,300 gns. She is a half-sister to three good winners in New Zealand. Aureate, dam of Aureus, is a sister to the well performed Egypt and Nigger Minstrel, and to the more famous Desert Gold (36 wins, £23,133) best mare of her time.

An Adelaide owner secured at 1,050 gns. the Sun King (imp.)—Princess Minerva colt. Dam of the yearling carries a double cross of Trenton, like U.S.A.'s champion of the moment, Citation. Princess Minerva is by Nightmarch (1929 Melbourne Cup). Sun King is by champion sire Hyperion and was a winner at 12 furlongs.

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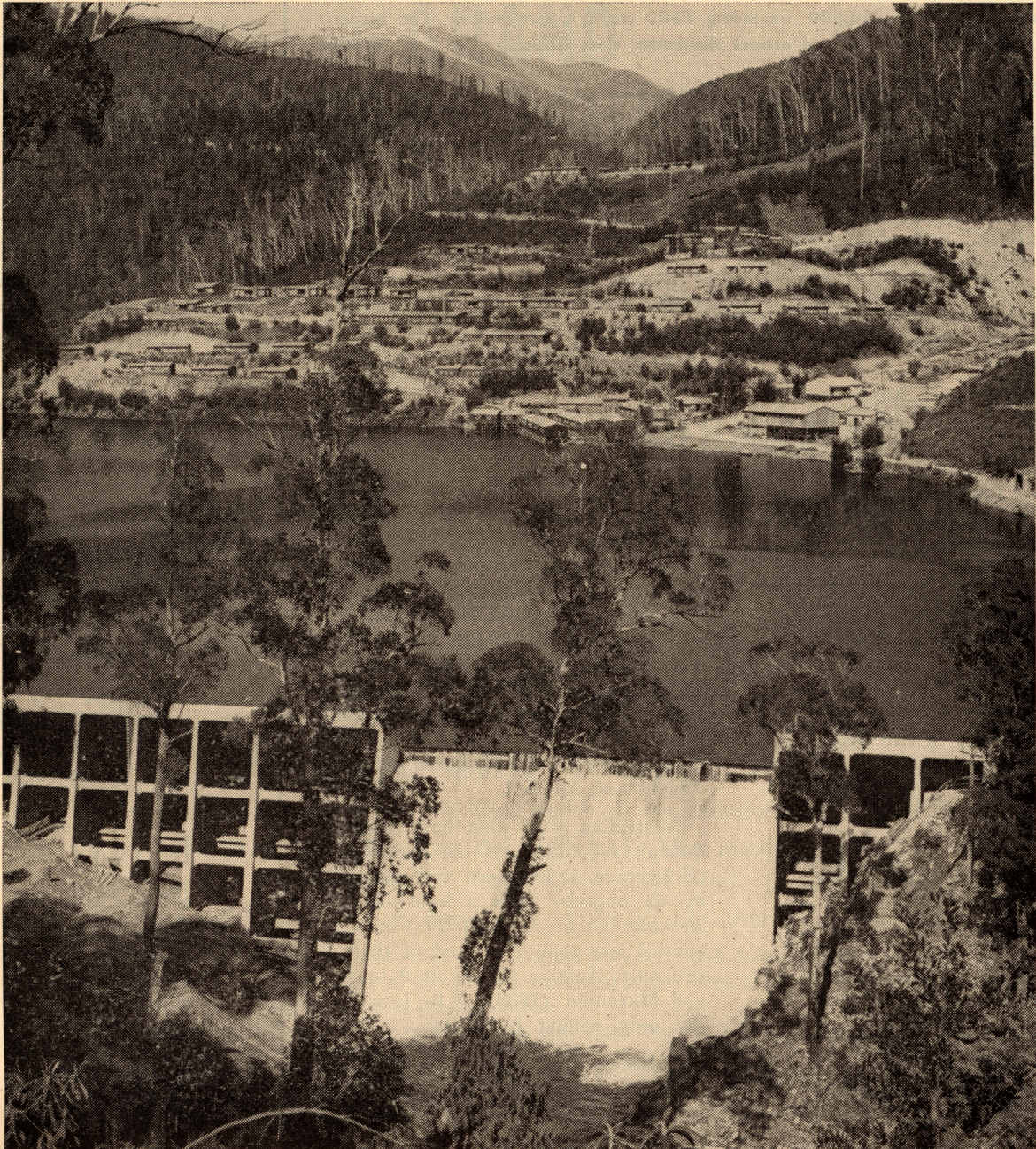
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VICTORIAN ELECTRICITY PROJECT



A general view of Bogong Village, first of the two villages built by the State Electricity Commission of Victoria for the 289,000-Kilowatt Kiewa hydro-electric project.

Favourites and Outsiders in Victorian Autumn Double

Victorian Racing Club's autumn double, Newmarket Handicap, £3,000, 6 furlongs, and Australian Cup, £4,000, two miles one furlong and 110 yards, suffers by stakemoney comparison with this year's A.J.C. Doncaster Handicap, £6,000, one mile, and Sydney Cup, £10,500 (including £500 trophy), two miles. The bigger money should attract the better class fields.

WHEN Randwick programme was drawn up it was hoped His Majesty the King would be present to hand over the trophy, but the King's illness caused postponement of the Royal visit. This, it is hoped, will take place in 1950 which, by the way, is Tasmania's year for staging the King's Cup. Tasmanian Racing Club already is making preliminary arrangements about this all-important event.

Newmarket and Australian Cup double has generally set backers a problem, though the sprint hasn't been really tough for takers of the odds since Regular Bachelor (9 to 2) won 1936 contest. His success started a winning sequence of four favour-

ites, the other three being Aurie's Star (2 to 1); Ajax (6 to 4 on) and El Golea (9 to 4). Since then Bernborough (9 to 4 on) in 1946, and hottest favourite on record, and Royal Gem (5 to 1) last year, were winning favourites.

Beaten elects since 1939 included High Caste, Phoinex, Tribal, and Manrico. Between 1919 and 1936. Rostrum, Sunburst, Valiard, and Gothic were the only winning first fancies.

Newmarket topweight this year. Money Moon, was allotted 9.8, but class engaged is not up to previous standards. Going back more than 40 years, Machine Gun, in 1905, was given 11.3, a welter impost. All the same the mighty Phar Lap in 1931 was topweight with 11.1, while Gothic (1929) and Ajax (1940), each 10.7, were given plenty. However horses of present crop do not in any way measure up to the class of Phar Lap. Ajax and Gothic. Time record for the Newmarket, 1.10 $\frac{3}{4}$, is shared by St. Ardent and All Veil.

Australian Cup also has proved difficult for takers of the odds. A tricky race, it has been won mostly by an outsider with a lightweight. Actually 15 of the last 20 winners carried less than 7.10, and of them, two only, Amalia (1936) at 9 to 2, and Marauder (1938), 3 to 1, were the only wining favourites.

Outsiders during past two decades included Nadean (20's), Madstarr (25's); Mutable (33's); Indignity (25's); Spectre (33's), and four 10 to 1 shots.

Fastest Australian Cup run at present distance was 3.45, by Bannerette last year. When decided over 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, Marauder's 3.47 $\frac{1}{4}$ in 1938, was the record, and it still is Australia's best.

NOTICE

TATTERSALL'S CLUB GOLF CLUB

The first outing of the season will be held at Long Reef on Tuesday, 15th March, 1949, when a Stableford Par Competition will be held.

Intending players are asked to get in touch with the Honorary Secretary as early as possible in order that arrangements can be made at Long Reef Club.

S. PETERS,
Honorary Secretary.

MEMBERS are advised that in the future any Member wishing to become a Visiting Member of the Victorian Club, must obtain a card of introduction from the Secretary of this Club to the Secretary of the Victorian Club, Melbourne, and will also require to be proposed by two Members of the Victorian Club.

This Membership is for a period of one month and the fee is £1/1/-.

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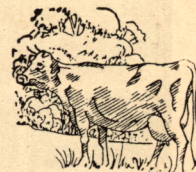
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GRAND SNOOKER TOURNAMENT

All Heats to be decided on One Game only.
Semi-Finals and Finals best Two out of Three Games.

FIRST PRIZE	Trophy valued	£100
SECOND PRIZE	Trophy valued	£50
THIRD PRIZE	Trophy valued	£20
FOURTH PRIZE	Trophy valued	£10

The above Tournaments will commence on
Monday, 2nd May, 1949

and will be played in the Club Room on the Standard table.

ENTRIES CLOSE AT 3 P.M. ON MONDAY, 28th MARCH, 1949

Handicaps, 4th April; Draw, 21st April.

Entrance Fee for each Tournament, 10/-, to be paid at time of nomination.

To be played under latest Revised Rules. Only one bye allowed. Fresh draw after each round.

The Committee reserve the right to re-handicap any player at any stage of either Tournament.

Three days' notice will be given to play, or forfeit.

*Any member unable to play at or before the time appointed, or such other time as the Billiards Sub-Committee may appoint, shall forfeit to his opponent.

No practice or exhibition game will be allowed on the Tournament table during the progress of the Tournaments.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the time for taking entries and declaration of handicaps.

M. D. J. DAWSON, Secretary.

N.B.—ENTRIES CLOSE AT 3 P.M. ON MONDAY, 28th MARCH, 1949

THE SHOW GOES ON

TO-DAY'S Broadway bed-time story is about a big-timer, a small-timer, and a two-timer . . .

The two-timer was an advertising man named Joe Barrett, and the big-timer he two-timed with was an ex-showgirl Annabelle Harris. This, of course, was unfair to the small-timer—Joe's missus—but she never did anything about it. Letty worshipped the Axminster carpets Joe walked on, and could never understand how an ordinary-looking and talking girl like herself had hooked such a good-looking husband.

The annual high spot in Letty's life was the two weeks in July when she and Joe would go to Lake Placid for their vacation. For 14 days and nights—imagine it!—she would have this chaser all to herself, to look at, listen to, and adore without interruption.

Annabelle Harris was one of those babes in the Broadway woods who can't see the woods for the intrigues. She had been around for more years than she cared to lie about, and was beginning to dream of settling down with a man who could slip her a fur coat occasionally. And so, when free-wheeling Joe came along she decided to use her head as well as her passe charms.

Sideline Sport

Joe was a great sideline sportsman. When Annabelle noticed this, she boned up on sports statistics until she could spout them like the experts.

This, of course, impressed Joe very much. This show-girl, he decided, was the real thing, not just another piece of fluttery fluff.

One night Joe told Annabelle he was figuring on taking his two-week vacation early.

"Good," said the showgirl. "Where'll we go? Banff?"

"I'm afraid you don't understand, Sugar," said Joe. "My wife's coming with me. We go away every summer."

"Okay by me," said Annabelle, "It'll give me a chance to see Banff

with a gentleman friend who has been dying to show me Canada for a long time."

This affected Joe as it was intended to. That night he went straight home and summoned Letty into conference. "I'm sorry, Honey," he said, "but we'll have to pass up our vacation this year. Business is off, and the agency wants me to hit the road and drum up some new accounts. But I'll make it up to you some way. How about a fur coat? Or a television set?"

Letty Blinked

Letty blinked back the tears and said nothing, but for the next few days she did a lot of quiet crying.

The television set was installed a week later, but Letty didn't even bother to turn it on. And then one night she idly flipped the switch and suddenly Louis and Walcott were battling it out in her living-room. She was about to turn it off when she noticed two of the ringside spectators. They were Joe and Annabelle.

Letty taxied to the stadium, bought a ticket and walked in as the bell sounded the end of the tenth round. During the eleventh, she spotted her hubby and his honey, and when the fight ended, she followed them to a bar. Her taxi was waiting to follow their taxi when Joe took Annabelle home.

Next morning Letty did something she hadn't done in years—she upended two ponies of brandy. On the way to Annabelle's apartment she rehearsed a little speech: "You have youth and beauty, Miss Harris, and can have any man you want. I have nothing—only Joe. But I'm not even asking you to give him up. All I want is 14 days . . ."

Annabelle herself opened the door, and at that hour in the morning the Broadway babe looked like something you find under an old wet-wash basket. Her hair was in curlers, her face was plastered with mud and there was a chin-reducing gadget strapped to her kisser.

"So you're the beauty who's been running around with my husband," jeered Letty.

"Get out of here," snapped the showgirl.

Letty answered with a left that knocked half the mud off her rival's face. She followed it with five fingernails to the nose and a small side-tale to the top of the head.

When Joe arrived in answer to Annabelle's hysterical telephone call, he was impressed. "You mean to tell me," he said, a note of pride in his voice, "that Letty put all those dents in you? Heck, I never knew she had it in her. Why, she's a champ, a slugger, a killer."

And that's all there is to the story. Joe got home early that night, and in the tradition of erring husbands and forgiving wives, the incident was never mentioned. The last I heard, Letty was having a wonderful time at Lake Placid, but she wasn't wishing Joe was there. She didn't have to. He was.

—By Billy Rose.

MUST MEN DRESS?

MANY players the MCC choose for tours abroad would be grateful if they could follow the example of the New Zealand All Blacks Rugby side who are not taking dress suits on their visit to South Africa. The Australian cricketers wore dress suits only at their most important engagements in London. English cricketers, however, are often required to dress for dinner at very small affairs.

Apart from the inconvenience of bulky baggage there is the question of expense. There is one English player touring South Africa whose clothing and other necessities cost him £150. Income tax takes about £200 from his fee of £450 and the usual £50 bonus and he is left with £150 from which he must meet personal expenses and pay for drinks and entertainment during the six months' tour.

"I will do anything your husband won't. Minor house repairs, grass cutting, painting, cleaning, etc."

"Just broke with my girl friend. Want someone to finish knitting my pullover."

"Will the party that borrowed my lawn mower please return it. I have another chance to lend it out."

One of the World's Wonder Runners

To many present-day track enthusiasts, W. G. George is a name only. But the record books reveal him as one of the world's most remarkable runners. His career is here reviewed by one who knew him well—Commander R. H. Palmer, O.B.E.

IF ever you go to an athletics meeting at Calne in Wiltshire, you will notice on entering the gates of the excellent Community Sports Ground, a plaque to the memory of W. G. George, who was born in that town. In the 1880's his name brought world-wide fame to British athletics: he remained the unbeaten world's mile champion for no less than 30 years.

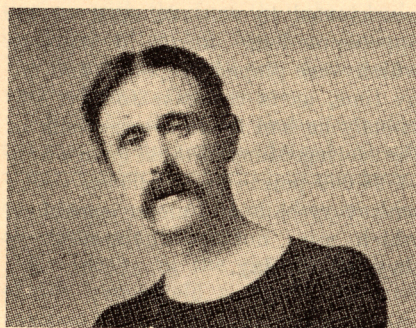
This plaque was unveiled on August 7 last and, as the late W. G. George's closest friend for upwards of 35 years, I was honoured by being asked to perform the ceremony. The date chosen by the Calne Council was opportune, and I could not refrain from mentioning that, whereas 80 miles away at Wembley Stadium—where the last day of the athletics of the XIV Olympiad was being held—something approaching 100,000 people were witnessing the achievements of the world's greatest amateur athletes of the present day, our little assembly of a hundred or two had met to pay tribute to the memory of one of the greatest—if not **the** greatest—athlete of all time: W. G. George.

To most present-day athletes, W. G. George is but a name; but, to the older generation, the memory of his great achievements on the track will never be forgotten. Indeed, I was not alone in my thoughts or my expressions, that were W. G. George alive and in his prime to-day, and trained as contemporary athletes are, he would have carried Britain's colours to victory in more races than one at Wembley Stadium.

George has often been described as the greatest natural runner the athletics world has ever produced; a title that is fitting when one considers that he carried all before him—at distances from half a mile to 4 miles, from 10 miles to 12 miles—not forgetting his national cross-country titles.

What was the secret of this great runner? He never trained, and he never dieted; only once have we record of him doing any special train-

ing, and that was just prior to the race for the world mile professional title in 1886. He was a moderate smoker, and he liked his pint of beer. his favourite meal before a race was a glass of beer and a hunk of bread and cheese. Anything outside the normal run of life irked him. He found he could run faster than any man on earth without any spartan restrictions, and he carried on his everyday life in his own natural way.



W. G. George

Here, seemingly, was a man endowed by nature with a turn of speed and physical stamina greater than any of his fellows.

Yet, throughout his life, his massive constitution was racked by asthma and hay fever. These recurrent indispositions he subdued with an iron will and a merry heart. Yes, this great giant of a Wiltshire man was a fine personality on and off the track: and his splendid sportsmanship, no less than his achievements, is an abiding memory to all who knew him.

George would never question a judge's decision; he never cherished his own records, and was ever striving to train younger athletes to better his performances. He was envious of no man, and I can well remember his delight when Paavo Nurmi set up new world figures for the mile.

For the benefit of the younger generation, let me refer to a few—a **very** few—of George's outstanding achievements. Walter Goodall George was born in Calne, Wiltshire, the son

of a chemist, on September 9, 1858, and died in Mitcham, Surrey, on June 4, 1943, at the ripe old age of 85. He was the holder of 12 A.A.A. Championships—the largest number of national track championships that had ever been held by one individual. He was also holder of the world professional mile record of 4 mins. 12½ secs., which stood as **the world record for 30 years.**

In 1879, at the age of 21, he won his first mile race on the Notting-ham Forest football ground. His performance was so astonishing that the authorities withheld the prize from him until they had proved he was an amateur, and not a professional running in another name. Thenceforward he went from success to success, and during the next six years won **over 1,000 cups and medals as an amateur**, setting up new records for distances ranging from **1,000 yards to 12 miles.**

In 1882 he achieved the amazing feat of winning three A.A.A. Championships on the same day—the Half Mile, Mile, and 4 Miles. It was after this wonderful performance that America's greatest athlete—L. R. Myers—telegraphed a challenge to George to go to America and race him for the world's amateur title. George accepted and crossed the Atlantic. Myers was not so good at the longer races, so the distances were arranged to accommodate him, at ½ mile, ¾ mile and 1 mile. George lost the ½ mile, but defeated Myers in the ¾ mile and the mile, thus proving himself the finest amateur runner in the world.

In 1884 he accomplished an even greater performance, when at **one meeting**—spread over Saturday and Monday—he won the Half Mile, Mile, and 4 Miles Championships on the Saturday, and the 10 Miles event on the Monday. It was a remarkable feat, and one that has never been equalled. Incidentally, it is worth recalling that George even entered for a cycle race at the same meeting—and he won it.

Billiards

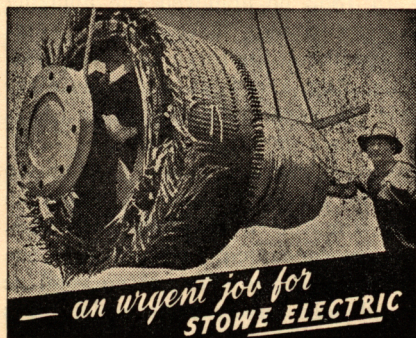
WALTER LINDRUM v. JOHN ROBERTS

How Would They Go?

IT is always interesting to speculate on the merits of the leading players of the present time with those of an earlier period. If such speculation does not lead us far at least it provides a little mental recreation.

Was St. Simon the greatest race-horse of all time; is Don Bradman such a great cricketer as W. G. Grace; how would John Roberts, Jnr., compare with Walter Lindrum or Joe Davis, or the Dohertys, famed in lawn tennis many years ago, with the leading figures in the game at the present time?

Such questions are asked so often; but how difficult it is to answer any of them with any degree of confidence or conclusiveness. As this pleasant little story is devoted entirely to billiards and its kindred games let us engage in a little discursive inquiry concerning the rival merits of young John, as he was known years ago, and the leading players in the game at present.



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I think I mentioned in a recent article that J. P. Mannock, that kind friend and excellent mentor, suggested that Roberts was as good as Lindrum. I do not know exactly on what he based his theory, but I felt at the time he must have had clear visions of the mastery of the old time champion.

It is nearly fifty years since I first saw Roberts, and that he was a giant in the game there was never any doubt. In those days Roberts was accustomed to concede most of his opponents long starts in matches which were played by points and not by time, as is the case to-day. Obviously he had to do a large bulk of the scoring. Many of those games were of 24,000 points up (12,000 a week) with ivory balls and under conditions which were not as favourable as they are to-day.

Developments

In endeavouring to arrive at any conclusions concerning the relative merits of the great players of different periods a good many points have to be taken into consideration. The art of the manufacturing specialist is always in a process of development.

The resilience of the cushions and the slight reduction of their height, the greater accuracy of the composition ball (a big influence in the opinion of many), the distribution of lighting effects, and a finer type of chalk are among the incidentals which justifiably might be said to have all made for a general improvement in the playing conditions.

Except for the spot stroke and the push stroke, the game as played by the outstanding players of Roberts' time was of a more open character than it is with some modern players.

It is in no sense depreciative of the merits of the modern players when it is remarked that the development of close range play has made a very considerable (perhaps an enormous) difference in the speed of scoring. It is on record that years ago Lindrum scored 36,356 points

in two weeks' (48 hours) play in a match in London and it may not be an exaggeration to say that it would have taken Roberts half again as long to score the same number of points, under the conditions which obtained in his time.

But that does not prove anything conclusively. Roberts and his contemporaries had to surmount minor difficulties which are not experienced by modern players. Assuredly it is the same in all games.

It has to be borne in mind, for whatever this little discussion is worth, that the present generation have the advantage of the development of playing skill of those old time players. Figures, it can be argued, in this case prove little or nothing.

New Ideas

As each generation succeeds another these comparisons come up for discussion from time to time. It is easy to see in our own time how



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the game—any game for that matter—shows gradual development.

There are many who can remember such players as Charles Dawson and Edward Diggle, great players in their time who had modelled their play on that of the old champion. Harry Stevenson, one of the most delightful players of all to watch, improved on that old style of play and so the history of billiards is continued, old methods being blended with newer ideas.

I cannot help thinking that temperament plays an enormous part in the dominance which one player is able to exert over his contemporaries without necessarily being a better all-round player. I do not say that it proves any particular point concerning the relative merits of various players, but it seems to be what might be described as a contributory factor.

John Roberts was king in his own dominion, and much later, when his turn came, Melbourne Inman was such a dominant force that for some time he was almost unbeatable. There was a period when George Gray, then a very young player from Australia, was able to show the enormous potentialities of red ball play. The English players for a time were almost confounded by the accuracy with which he was able to go in off the red ball.

I can recall at least one of them who became so tired taking part in this one-man display that he broke away from the customary tradition of sitting in the seat allotted to the players, but put his coat on and waited outside the hall until he was sent for.

When Gray Failed

Gray, however, held a tremendous advantage over his opponents. All of his matches were played with composition balls, a medium about which English players knew comparatively little, as the ivory ball then was in general use in that country.

It was when he took part in the championship that his schemes went awry, and it is to his lasting credit that Tom Reece, by extremely clever tactics, was able to beat him. That, incidentally, was one of the greatest achievements of Reece's career for he went on to defeat Stevenson, but in turn was beaten

TOO BIG FOR OUR BRAINS?

ARE we becoming a race of giants and as a result speeding towards extinction along the path taken by the mammoth and the brontosaurus? One of the world's leading anthropologists, Professor Reginald Ruggles Gates, F.R.S., thinks that we are. He bases his theory — put forward in his new book "Human Ancestry" (Oxford University Press, 42/-)—on three main facts.

FACT No. 1 is that after dominating the earth for ages the giant reptiles, like the 80 ft. long diplodocus, suddenly became extinct about 60 million years ago. No one knows why this happened, but it seems to be tied up with the fact that their bodies became too big for their brains. The brain of the 40-ton diplodocus weighed only four ounces.

FACT No. 2 is that almost exactly the same thing happened again about

by Inman, who at that time was in all-conquering form.

No player in the modern history of the game held a more dominant position for a time than Willie Smith, but after winning the championship on the only two occasions he took part in it, business activities seemed to draw him away from the more serious playing interests.

Then came Walter Lindrum who all the world knows as the greatest player of our time. His remarkable development of close cannon play enabled Lindrum to prove beyond question that he was the fastest scoring player in the history of the game.

The chief point of interest seems to be: Are there many strokes in the modern interpretation of scoring skill which were not known to those old-time players? It is not for me to say, but I should rather doubt it. What it seems to come to is that as the game has been developed newer and faster methods have been devised. Again if safety play was adopted more regularly and unlimited misses allowed by rule, averages would be much lower and scoring slower.

There is much to be considered when such a matter as this is approached and perhaps it would be better to leave it as a matter of opinion, with the hope that the discussion has been a pleasant one if it may be lacking in conclusiveness.

a million years ago. This time it was the mammals which had reached colossal proportions. Warm-blooded beasts like the megatherium, the giant ground-sloth, had replaced the great reptiles. But again their brains were very small compared with their bodies. And again they all came to a sudden end.

FACT No. 3 is that man is increasing in size faster than the reptiles and mammals ever did. And his brain is NOT increasing in proportion. Professor Gates says: "The rate of increase in human stature and weight is much more rapid in modern man than in any known animal series."

This may be proved by visiting any museum where suits of armour are on show—the Tower of London, for example. Medieval armour would not fit even the average 16-year-old boy of to-day. Comparison of Egyptian mummies with modern Egyptians gives further proof of man's rapid growth during the last few thousand years. Yet the brain-size of modern man is no greater than that of the Ancient Britons who lived 80,000 years ago.

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What's Wrong with English Cricket?

LONDON "EVENING STANDARD" surveys the question from various angles and arrives at these conclusions:

Study the English averages. Of the first fourteen men in the batting averages not one is under thirty. And among the first thirteen bowlers there is only one player, Wardle of Yorkshire, who is under that age. Yet the Australian team at the Oval includes four men in their twenties and one in his 'teens, Neil Harvey, who made a century in his first appearance in a Test here. Manifestly, the Australians have found a method for raising young talent which this country should study.

The key to their success lies in better organisation. Their young cricketers can gradually ascend an upward ladder of competitive play, which leads naturally from junior games to State and national teams. They can begin in the public parks, where matting wickets are laid on

concrete giving batsmen confidence in the pitch of the ball from the start. Then they can play in the State junior cricket unions, fine forcing houses.

And Australian club cricket is strictly competitive, with a league in every State. All the best players will turn out for their local clubs. The great Bradman himself plays for the Kensington Club when he is home in Adelaide, a fine source of inspiration to the young men lucky enough to play in his company. Every cricket association has talent spotters out among the clubs.

But in England the game is unorganised to the point of chaos. A promising boy trying to play with his school-mates in the public parks will find that the pitch is so rough that the batsman never knows whether the ball will shoot or bump and hit him on the head. No wonder he prefers to kick a football about, even in the heat of summer.

If a colt is exceptionally lucky or skilful, he may be given a job on the ground staff of his county. But the great majority of young players simply disappear into the trackless desert of uncompetitive club cricket, where they have little chance either

of gaining first class experience or of making their names known to the tired old men who rule the county cricket clubs.

Britain will never win the Ashes back unless the clubs drop their illogical attitude of caring only for the game and not bothering about the result. The fact is that most club cricketers do care about the English team's miserable showing this season, and would be glad to see competitive cricket launched in Southern England. The only way to cure our cricketing ill is for all the clubs to play league cricket, organised in junior and senior divisions.

THE iron-clad rule that there must never be an off-colour situation, an indecent word or suggestion in "The Saturday Evening Post" was broken when Katharine Brush's novel "Red-Headed Woman" began its serial run. The end of the first instalment found the secretary-heroine having a drink with her boss at his home, the boss's wife away and night drawing on. To the profound shock of numerous readers, the second instalment began with the two having breakfast. Editor George Horace Lorimer prepared a form letter to answer the indignant mail. "The Post," he said, "cannot be responsible for what the characters in its serials do between instalments."



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Do Americans Speak English ?

CHARLES WINTOUR reviews in London "Evening Standard" H. L. Mencken's second book on "The American Language."

I have brooded on this question off and on throughout my married life. For my wife is an American, and I see no reason why she shouldn't speak the mother tongue of the Mother Country.

Now Mr. H. L. Mencken, famous American wit, has answered the question for me in the monumental second supplement to his book on the American Language.

He won my attention by admitting that American speech sounds intolerably nasal and monotonous to English ears. "The general tune of American speech," he says, "affects them (the British) as unpleasantly as the cockney whine of the Australians, and their discomfort relights in them the old passionate conviction of their nation, that everything American is not only inferior but also villainous and ignoble." He adds that when they give voice to their loathing "they fill the Americano with sentiments which match it precisely."

Regrettably Mencken has found an ally on this side of the Atlantic. He quotes that learned philological pedagogue, Mr. N. Gubbins, of the "Sunday Express," with approval: "The American accent is not nearly so funny as the dull buzzing that passes for conversation in rural England, the self-conscious 'refinement' of Kensington cockney, the strangled accents of English parsons and the shrill screaming of the English upper class."

I had always believed that Americans talked like adenoidal megaphones because there was something the matter with their weather. Mencken dismisses that theory. Not because he likes the American climate, but because the mean annual rainfall in many parts of the United States is higher than in London, while in the American South, "where the American whine is seldom heard," it is more than twice as high.

The Sage of Baltimore claims that the main influence on the prevailing speech of Americans was settlers

from the Scottish lowlands and the English North, who apparently neither dropped their r's nor swallowed their vowels, as the Southern English learned to do in the eighteenth century. These settlers were powerfully supported by school ma'ams brandishing a spelling book prepared by Noah Webster (of Webster's Dictionary, sorry Dictionary).

The great majority of these school-teachers were simply "milkmaids armed with hickory sticks," says Mencken, but they all taught the gospel according to Webster. His speller, first published in 1783, sold three million copies by 1814, ran to 304 editions by 1829 and reached a print of more than 60,000,000 by 1889, enough to make even Miss Kathleen Winsor just a shade green with envy. Webster preached that words should be pronounced as they are spelt. He believed in four syllables for secretary, and in other nonsensical pedantries of the same kind.

But not every American speaks the standard lingo of the Dust Bowl. Apart from local variations there is the New England deviation, which reaches its summit, or its nadir in Boston. This accent has been unforgettably described by an American journalist whom even Mr. Mencken quotes with some respect. "Compounded of bastard Briticisms and inescapable nasalities, it is delivered from a mouth apparently brimful of steaming porridge. . . . The syllables cannot really be said to issue at all. They mingle in one blend of inchoate vowel sound; the consonants die before they are decently born. . . . Our spoken American is threatened from the top down. Slang and all the perishing inventions of the vulgate do not menace it one tithe as sombrely as does this mannered mouthing of our millionaires."

The other main deviation is Southern American with its haunting flavour of mint juleps, traditional Southern courtesies and Vivien Leigh in glorious Technicolor. This accent is also alleged to be English in origin. The Alabama-Georgia dialect, for instance, has been highly coloured by

the dialect of settlers from Somerset and Devon. The negroes themselves, according to some authorities, only use English forms of speech which they have retained after the white man had begun to lose them.

In fact, Mr. Mencken would have us believe that the subject of this article should be: "Why Don't the English Speak English?"

Away with this specious scholarship—and put this book in the wastepaper "barsket."

Wedding Bells

MANY traditions that surround our modern marriage ceremonies are relics of ancient rites and superstitions. The honeymoon itself is a survival of the days of marriage by capture, when the groom kept his abducted bride in seclusion to prevent communication with her relatives. Even to-day, on the east coast of Greenland, a marriage is official only after the bridegroom has gone to the girl's hut, caught her by the hair, and dragged her off to his home.

Our custom of wedding gifts, too, takes strange forms in other lands. On the Mediterranean Island of Cyprus, the mattress for the betrothed couple is filled in public, while friends of the young lovers throw money into it. The money can be removed only after the couple has been married a year. And in Greece, bread for the marriage feast is kneaded in public while wedding guests toss money into the dough.

But there is no counterpart in our modern ceremony for some of the strange customs still practiced in other parts of the world. No one has ever suggested, for example, that an Australian man—like the men of the Herero tribe of western South Africa—should marry both his chosen bride and her older sister. Nor has any Australian bride ever walked over a human pathway, as do brides in the Cook Islands. There, young men of the village lie face down on the ground and the bride walks on their backs from her own home to the groom's.

CLUTTERED UP WITH STALLIONS

There are millions of people in America and many thousands of racehorses, and turf writers in that country are beginning to think some sections, particularly California, are overloaded with stallions.

LATTER view is taken by a prominent contributor, Donald A. Dorland, to the "Thoroughbred Record," America's oldest and most widely read authority on the breeding of horses and racing.

Dorland discussed West Coast problems and among his interesting viewpoints were the following:—

When the average man starts breeding thoroughbreds he usually loads up with some choice pedigrees but not much stock. After a while he finds out that these animals will not pay their way and starts grading up. The one place where California breeders seem to differ from breeders in other parts of the U.S.A. is that every man thinks he must have a stallion right

off the bat, if not three or four stallions. Consequently the coastal scene is cluttered up with all varieties of "superbly bred, well conformed" horses which either could not beat anything or never ran at all. That is the biggest hurdle West Coast breeders will need to get over before their stock has the chance it should have.

Just to point up this argument I checked the first 30 California and Kentucky farms listed in 1948 "Racing Manual." In California the first 30 farms had 36 stallions and 306 mares. In Kentucky there were 31 stallions for exactly twice as many mares. On the Coast only six of 30 breeders felt that life would be worth while without a stud while 18 Kentucky farms were entirely without the benefits conferred by a home sire. Worst offender in the West listed his farm as having three sires and three mares and that is really getting it down to a fine point.

Racing and breeding will grow and prosper as more and more good people become interested. They will retain their interest if they have some good luck once in a while, but fortune simply hardly ever smiles on stallions without right credentials and without opportunity to prove their value through having a decent book of mares.

Interesting Subject

This analysis by an authority on the subject should be interesting to Australians as there is some talk here and in New Zealand that too many moderate-type stallions are standing at some properties. Whether this is so or not, this Magazine offers no opinion, but looking over records of breeding it seems that both New Zealand Studmasters and Australian are cutting out less important sires and re-stocking with newcomers from England and paying high prices for them.

A small stud is just as likely to breed a champion as one with dozens of mares and high-class sires.

Cow Customs

MANY city dwellers and even a gentleman farmer or two are mildly astonished to learn that cows give milk primarily for calves and not for customers. A cow will not give milk until she has borne a calf and she must continually be re-impregnated ("freshened," the dairy men call it) and bear fresh calves if she is to continue giving milk.

Were we not accustomed to it, we might well regard the drinking of milk as an obscene act. If we drank only simple, wholesome beer, let us say, and if some traveller reported finding a nation of "savages" who repeatedly bred an animal to stimulate her lactation and deprived her of her young that they might guzzle her milk, we would no doubt recoil in horror and thank heaven that we were civilised.

THE young lady smiled sweetly at the waiting line as she stepped into the phone booth. "Don't fret," she said, "I won't be long. I just want to hang up on him."



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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS.



Do you know your Sydney Harbour? Picture above was taken within four miles crow's flight of Sydney G.P.O. and shows a branch of Middle Harbour in all its ruggedness. The most distant Point is Killarney, which indicates the position from which photo was taken.

World of Sport

MEETING Tommy Loughran at a sports benefit in Lawrence, Mass., recently, I recalled his memorable bout with Primo Carnera in Miami, back in 1934 (comments an American writer). Tommy had been tipped off that Da Preem not only would step on his feet but would overpower him with garlie fumes in the clinches. Carnera actually used to nibble on a button or two of the fragrant Sicilian "cloves" before every bout to give his breath the properly potent bouquet. Forewarned on this bit of strategy, Loughran also became fore-armed. When the bout got underway, da bigga da Preem, as had been predicted, planted one of his size 18 portmanteaus on Tommy's tootsie, wrapped his bear-like paws around Loughran, whom he outweighed by about 85 pounds, pulled him into a clinch, and then let go with a blast of his fetid, garlie-laden breath.

What he didn't know was that Loughran's olfactory sense had been so dulled by a nose injury that he couldn't smell. Something else Primo didn't know was what caused the terrific odour that filled his own nostrils whenever he pulled Loughran into a clinch. Now it can be told. Tommy had ordered his manager, Joe Smith, to buy some of the vilest smelling unguent he could get in a drug store and before entering the ring had smeared his hair with it. Despite the great weight disadvantage under which he laboured and Primo's fancy footwork, Tommy stayed 15 rounds with the giant and might have outpointed him if he hadn't weakened badly from pushing Da Preem's huge bulk away from him constantly. But he thinks that if he hadn't kept Primo partly at bay with that vile smelling concoction he smeared on his scalp, Carnera would have just about squeezed him into submission.

VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT

DURING the bombing of London, air-raid wardens were especially trained to look after those who might have difficulty in looking after themselves. An English friend of mine told me that shortly after the beginning of a raid he found himself in an air-raid shelter with an assorted group of people. Suddenly a warden flashed his light into the dank gloom and inquired, "Any old people or children in here?"

"Seems not, gov'nor," a man's voice replied.

"Any pregnant women?" went on the warden.

There was silence for a moment. Then a female voice piped up, "Blimey, we 'aven't been in 'ere only 'arf an hour!"

"Notice: I have a rooster that crows at four o'clock. Want to trade him for one that crows at five o'clock."

BRAVE NEW WORLD AND A MONKEY

DIVERTING comment by London "Evening Standard" on the escape of a monkey and what it would have been up against had it remained at large, subject to the regulations governing humankind.

From Chicago comes the strange story of the curious monkey. A young rhesus monkey went out one day and joined the crowds at Brookfield Zoo, who were looking at the caged animals. The human spectators were slightly taken aback by the appearance of their neighbour and notified the director of the Zoo, who immediately instigated a count into his own collection of monkeys. None was missing. He then sent out his Zoo keepers to capture the unwanted visitor.

What happened next? Did the monkey run away and continue its free and emancipated life by quaffing a coca-cola at a drug store, or occupying one of the more expensive seats at the local cinema? Not at all. He took one look at the advancing keepers, and leaped into their arms. Later he settled down comfortably in a cage with the other monkeys.

We had often suspected that some

of our dumb friends were not quite so dumb as they make out. The behaviour of this American monkey confirms our belief. For if the monkey had stayed at large, what would have been his fate? Freedom would have been welcome enough for a few hours or days, but it would have palled soon enough.

For the monkey would have had to earn a living if he wished to remain free and honest. And even though free enterprise America has provided well over 60 million jobs for her citizens it cannot be too easy for a monkey to pay his way if he is determined not to make an exhibition of himself. The monkey might have demanded equality of treatment from the local labour exchange. But are an animal's rights protected under the American Constitution? All men are born equal, but are animals born equal with men?

Any animal trying to monkey about with the Constitution might soon find himself charged with subversive action designed to undermine the structure of the State. The monkey would certainly be hauled before the Congressional Committee investigating un-American activities, where his silence on the witness stand would naturally be taken as a desire not to incriminate himself before the Court.

Once released from this dreadful ordeal, the monkey would probably find himself a pawn in the larger international disputes between America and Russia. The Soviet Consul might claim him as a Russian citizen, and put him in protective custody before shipping him off to an investigation by the NKVD. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, no doubt, would do their utmost to kidnap him back again in order to obtain fuller information about the foreign spy network in America.

If the monkey was lucky enough to escape from the rival attentions of the secret services and the film companies there is no doubt that he would know what to do with his liberty. He would take the first train for Chicago. But this time, instead of hanging about looking in at the caged animals until the keepers were summoned, he would go right up to

the director's door and ask to be locked up.

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

LAUGH THIS OFF

WHAT a picture is conjured up by the story of the jovial Germans. At a motor race meeting near the Dutch border they muster a holiday crowd of 250,000. Plenty of Schnapps, piles of grapes, and crisp white rolls, as many as you like, on the stalls (writes London "Daily Express")

Just like Derby Day here before the war!

And that is only half the joke. Best of all was the spectacle of 20,000 cars parked at the meeting, all of them German and all of them running on petrol supplied by the British and Americans for "essential" purposes.

Doesn't that make you jolly, too? Get on with the air-lift and stop laughing.

* * *

A traveller just home from abroad was describing an earthquake. "Most amazing thing I ever saw," he said dramatically. "The hotel rocked. Cups and saucers were flung all over the room, and—" His meek-looking companion turned suddenly white. "Great Scott!" he cried. "That reminds me. I forgot to post a letter my wife gave me two days ago."



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BOWLING CLUB NOTES

The past month has been a very enjoyable and busy one for our bowlers.

Of the matches played we were defeated by the Millions Club by 96 to 81 after a most exciting game on City greens.

Rose Bay at Rose Bay beat us by 63 to 58, and Pratten Park by 99 to 72.

We were victorious against Fairfield by 66 to 35 and against the Cinema Industries of N.S.W. by 107 to 84 at Kensington on 17th February. This was a very keenly contested game in which nothing was given away by either side. The Kensington Club greens were in splendid order and the Club's hospitality added to that of our hosts, the Cinema Industries, made the day a memorable one.

Details of scores:—

Krieger, Dwyer, Chatterton, Hill (T.), 29; McPherson, Kex, Mays, Chessell (C.I.), 26; Brice, Read, Booth, Dewaney (T.), 23; Webster, Martin, Smith, Shepperd (C.I.), 25; Thomas, Catts, McDonald, Roles (T.), 24; Williams, McPhee, Brennan, Barnby (C.I.), 18; Barington, Turner, Norton, Bloomfield (T.), 31; Grainger, Higginson, Brakel, Conson (C.I.), 15. Totals: Tatts. 107; (C.I.) 84.

In this match, Alf Bloomfield was in splendid touch, and Alf Bavington as leader, and Bill McDonald, as third, played excellent bowls against Pratten Park. In fact, the form of the latter two was so outstanding "swabs" were suggested.

Weights and draw for the pairs handicap are displayed on the Notice Board in the Club.

Early favourites are Bill McDonald and Dick Read (4), with Charlie Young and Ken Williams (3) on the second line.

Keen contests are expected and members are requested to play their heats as soon as possible.

"**D**AUGHTER," said the mother, "didn't I tell you not to let strange men come to your apartment? You know things like that worry me."

"Don't be ridiculous, Mother!" laughed the girl. "I went to his apartment this time. Now, let his mother worry!"

AMAZING RUNNER

GASTON REIFF (Belgium), winner of the Olympic 5,000 m. from Zatopek, once more and even more convincingly defeated Zatopek in his home town, Prague. The fair Czech champion said afterwards over the Czech radio, that Reiff had proved to be the better man, and the world's best over the 5,000 m.

Since then, Reiff, knight of the Order Leopold II, has accomplished by far the greatest triumph of his career when, in Brussels, he smashed Gundar Hagg's world record over 2,000 m. (1 mile 427 yds.) cutting it down from 5 mins. 11.6 secs. to 5.07.

This was the famous record achieved by Hagg under very bad conditions. After that race Hagg asked how he had run and was told the time. He inquired: "Is it very bad?" whereupon he was then told that it meant a new world record. It was probably not the best of which Hagg was capable, but nevertheless a grand mark. Reiff's new time represents extraordinary running. Hansenne was more than 100 m. behind the Belgian.

Such a feat had to be carefully planned, and Reiff and his coach, M. Alavoine, had evolved a precise schedule. The race was a handicap. Wartelle (France) and Everaert

(Belgium) making the pace at first. The crowd had been asked to remain silent during the first 1,500 m., so that Reiff should be able to hear when told his intermediate times.

He covered the first half mile in 2 mins., 1,000 m. in 2 mins. 33 secs., and 1,500 m. in 3.52 (about 4.10 for the mile). If one were to add his time for the first 1,000 m. and for the last 500 m., it would make 3.48 for this distance of 1,500 m. (4.05 for a mile!) No wonder Hansenne said in his report in the French paper "L'Equipe," that he would have needed a bicycle to follow Reiff.

In fact, Reiff's performance puts him straight into the phenomenon class, but he himself felt so fresh after his world record run that he said he was sure he could have done even 5 mins. 2 secs. if they had dared to arrange his time-table to such a target. Hansenne is sure that Reiff could cut the 3,000 m. record, already one of the finest of all, to about 7 mins. 55 secs.

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Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet-playwright, had an exchange of insults with G. B. Shaw. Maeterlinck, almost 85, said of the 92-year-old Shaw: "He is an old chateau no longer even haunted by a spirit." "Maeterlinck," was Shaw's response, "has never been hissed or hooted at—for how can you yawn and also hiss and hoot at the same time?"

* * *

Film-maker John Boulting has delivered an ultimatum to the B.B.C.: "Either you broadcast my talk on 'Good Taste in Films, as I recorded it—or not at all.'" Talk included, as examples of bad taste, "An atheist who laughs in church, a cynical lover laughing in bed." B.B.C. had deleted this.

Amateur Sport and Broken Time

SINCE amateurism is a thing of the spirit, it is not a simple matter to draft rules on such a delicate subject to cover all cases. However, through the efforts of various governing bodies and interested sports leaders, a code of amateurism, based on the true meaning of the word, and fairly well recognised in most sports and games, and in most sections of the world, has been established.

The old British definition of an amateur sportsman, which barred "mechanics, artisans or labourers," has been long since discarded—social distinctions do not enter into amateurism. Neither do racial, religious or financial distinctions, or those of experience, ability, or skill. An amateur sportsman may be rich or poor; he may be uneducated or a doctor of philosophy; he may be a beginner, or he may have had years of experience; he may be a champion or he may be a dud; but he must be a good sportsman. He must comport himself as a gentle-

man with proper regard for the rights of others, he must be participating solely for the love of the game, and it must be an avocation, and not his principal occupation.

The definition recently adopted by the International Olympic Committee, which applies to all who wish to take part in the Olympic Games, is:—

"An amateur is one whose connection with sport is, and always has been, solely for pleasure, and for the physical, mental or social benefits he derives therefrom, and to whom sport is nothing more than recreation, without material gain of any kind, direct or indirect."

The title of this article is really redundant, in that sport to be sport must be amateur. If it is not amateur, it is work or business, and the participant is a professional.

Since the recent war there has been a determined drive by various individuals and groups to change the rules to permit payment to amateur

athletes for time lost from their work by reasons of their sport activities. The fact that such payments would automatically make the recipients professionals, and make the competitions work and not play, no matter how the rules are manipulated or definitions changed, is completely ignored. If it is sport it must be play; play must not interfere with the main business of life, and play does not permit any payment for the time involved. An athlete is an amateur only so long as he is competing for the love of the sport.

The moment that financial, commercial, or political considerations intrude, he is no longer an amateur. The theory that an athlete should be reimbursed for something he has lost because he entered a competition is utterly foreign to the spirit of sport. In a free world a man is entitled to a choice, but he cannot make his choice and then demand what was lost by making that choice.

It is urged that an athlete is like a soldier defending his country's athletic reputation and, therefore, not only his expenses should be paid (which is allowed by the rules), but also that his dependants should be supported during his absence for competition. "No athlete should be deprived of the honour of representing his country," they say. Specious arguments of this kind may sound convincing to the uninformed, but they have no place in an amateur sport discussion.

Even if the principle of permitting payment for broken time were adopted, its administration would lead to endless bickering. Who would determine when it was to be applied, and how much was to be paid? Logically, a man who lost a thousand dollar commission or bonus because of his competition would be just as much entitled to reimbursement as a man who lost £3 in wages. If one member of a team is paid, all of the other members will feel that they are equally entitled to payment. If a competitor is paid enough to sup-

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port his wife, why should he not be given enough to support his mother, his aunt, or his grandmother?

If an athlete is paid for time lost while competing, why should he not be paid for time lost while training? If he is paid for time lost during Olympic Games, is there any reason why he should not be paid while competing in international, or national, or regional, or local championships, or any other event? The door would be open to a thousand abuses. Champion athletes in great demand, if paid for broken time, would be tempted to do nothing but compete.

In the United States, even without payment for broken time, in some sports in past years because of laxity in the regulations, we have seen "amateur" athletes spending all their time competing, and living entirely on their excessive expense accounts. In ancient Greece, Xenophanes wrote: "Although there are ten thousand evils throughout Greece there is nothing worse than the tribe of athletes." This was after the high ideals of amateurism, which had as their aim a symmetrical and harmonious development of mind and body for all persons, had been lost because of the evils that developed through over-emphasis.

A Hungarian friend once brought to my attention an excellent example of what happens when the bars are lowered: "In Hungary, payment for broken time began in soccer football in 1921. In a few months six stages were passed:—

1. Payment for time lost in international competition.
2. Payment for time lost in league competition.
3. Payment for time lost in all competitions.
4. Payment for broken time for training.
5. Payment for broken time for "bath and massage."
6. It became too complicated to calculate, so a lump sum was paid every month.

Thus payment for broken time soon became a real salary and the players refused to work at all, stating that they would make less money if they worked than if they "played."

Amateur sport, and the Olympian movement, its most important manifestation, have in the half century

since the Olympic Games were revived in 1896, spread throughout the civilised world with amazing rapidity. Nothing like it has ever been seen before. One important reason is the high ideals of amateurism and good sportsmanship involved. If there have been sacrifices, the rewards have been more than sufficient to offset them.

Now, after fifty years of progress, during which the prestige and importance of amateur sport have increased apace, it is proposed to make a fundamental change in the regulations, which would be morally dishonest, because the players would be paid for work they did not do. The essence of sport is that it is played for its own sake. Payment for broken time is entirely counter to the basic principles of amateurism. It is also counter to the Olympic rule which I have quoted, since, if an athlete is paid for work he has not done, he has made a "material gain."

Adoption of a rule permitting payment for broken time would soon wreck the entire structure of amateur sport as we know it.

—By Avery Brundage, President of United States Olympic Association.

FIVE-GUINEA NOTES

A GRAMOPHONE record made by Margherita Grandi, famed dramatic soprano of the Milan Opera House, has just come on sale in England. But the last three notes are sung by Mrs. Dorothy Dobson, mother of a 13-month-old baby, of London.

The notes she sang are F, A flat and top D flat, which end the Sleep-walking Scene from Verdi's opera, "Macbeth." Mme. Grandi has had the notes sung for her before—at a performance at Glyndebourne, Sussex. But in Edinburgh she sang them herself.

When she recorded the scene with Sir Thomas Beecham for H.M.V., it was decided to call in Mrs. Dobson. She is 26, is a light soprano with a freak range. She said: "It's in the family. I can get up to top G, several tones higher than top D flat." She got £5/5/- for her three notes.

* * *

Many a wife is worth her weight in gold and most of them collect it.

BROWN JACK

BROWN JACK, the most popular racehorse in Britain, died on the eve of his favourite meeting—Ascot. He was 25 and outlived by three years his racecourse partner, Steve Donoghue.

Six times, from 1929 to 1934, the partnership won the longest flat race in England, Ascot's Queen Alexandra Stakes of 2 miles 6 furlongs and 75 yards.

The 1934 race was Brown Jack's last. The Ascot crowd mobbed him and pulled half the hairs out of his tail as souvenirs. He went into retirement at Thorpe Lubenham Hall, near Market Harborough. During the war admirers from all parts of Britain sent him sugar saved from their rations.

His owner, Sir Harold Wernher, who bought Brown Jack for £750 and won £25,000 in stakes with him, gave orders that his old age should be made comfortable.

Brown Jack always slept sitting up on his manger. So a special box was built for him. He was given a felt cushion, but he chewed it to bits.

He was to have moved to Sir Harold's new home near Luton. His own paddock was ready. But a cold snap was too much for the old horse. He caught a chill and had to be shot.

In the Royal Box at Ascot there is a bronze statue of the horse. Soon, in a London museum will stand Brown Jack himself. He is to be stuffed.

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AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

1949

DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

MARCH.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	12
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	19
(At Canterbury Park)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	26
(At Rosehill)	

APRIL.

Sydney Turf Club Sat.	2
(At Rosehill)	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	9
(At Randwick)	
Australian Jockey Club Sat.	16
Australian Jockey Club Mon.	18
Australian Jockey Club Wed.	20
Australian Jockey Club Sat.	23
City Tattersall's Club Sat.	30
(At Randwick)	

MAY.

Sydney Turf Club Sat	7
(At Canterbury Park)	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	14
(At Randwick)	
Tattersall's Club Sat.	21
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	28
(At Canterbury Park)	

JUNE.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	4
(At Randwick)	
Australian Jockey Club Sat.	11
Australian Jockey Club Mon.	13
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	18
(At Moorefield)	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	25
(At Randwick)	

JULY.

Australian Jockey Club Sat.	2
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	9
(At Canterbury Park)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	16
(At Canterbury Park)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	23
(At Rosehill)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	30
(At Rosehill)	

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Mon.	1
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	6
(At Canterbury Park)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	13
(At Canterbury Park)	
Hawkesbury Racing Club Sat.	20
(At Rosehill)	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	27
(At Randwick)	

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Sat.	3
(At Canterbury Park)	
Tattersall's Club Sat.	10
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	24
(At Rosehill)	

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club Sat.	1
Australian Jockey Club Mon.	3
Australian Jockey Club Wed.	5
Australian Jockey Club Sat.	8
City Tattersall's Club Sat.	15
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	22
(At Rosehill)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	29
(At Moorefield)	

NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Sat.	5
(At Canterbury Park)	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	12
(At Randwick)	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	19
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	26
(At Canterbury Park)	

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	3
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	10
(At Rosehill)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)	
Australian Jockey Club Sat.	24
Australian Jockey Club Mon.	26
Australian Jockey Club Tues.	27
Tattersall's Club Sat.	31
(At Randwick)	

NOTES ON HANDBALL

By Handout

HANDBALL in the Club is a most interesting sport. The majority of the players play most of the year with reckless abandon and plenty of vim, but they carefully guard or try and conceal their real competitive ability, with the result that when a competition comes along there is a general hedging and dodging to try and meet their opponents at the time when the individual feels he has reached his top. When two such players feel they have attained their peak a match is played and the winner goes through the same procedure with his next opponent.

The present club Championships have dragged on for four months and are now reaching the Semi Finals. We should see the winning numbers up by the 1st May. Ah! May Day "New Order." Our Secretary now informs me that the old order is changing and we will have at least four quick firing and interesting competitions per year.

"Hurrah."

Latest Results—

A. Grade: G. McGilvray defeated P. Lindsay; S. Woodfield defeated J. Buckle.

B. Grade: E. T. Penfold defeated A. English; G. L. Boulton defeated Z. Lazarus; A. P. McCamley defeated G. Pratten; B. McCamley defeated E. A. Davies; E. Penfold defeated M. P. Murphy.

C. Grade: N. Barrell defeated D. J. Jenner; S. T. Murray defeated A. H. Charleston; S. Gode defeated C. Phillips; G. Carr defeated S. B. Solomon; H. E. Davis defeated S. T. Murray; H. E. Davis defeated N. Barrell.

The scores in most cases were very close and each Grade has reached a good standard of play.

To what extent the Aga Khan has dominated the English Turf is shown by the fact that 1948 was the eleventh time in 25 years that he topped the winning owners' list. That year's figures were less than £3,000 below his best year, 1935. He has studs in England, Ireland and France, and many of his vast Turf interests are held in partnership with his son, 37-year-old Prince Aly Khan.

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